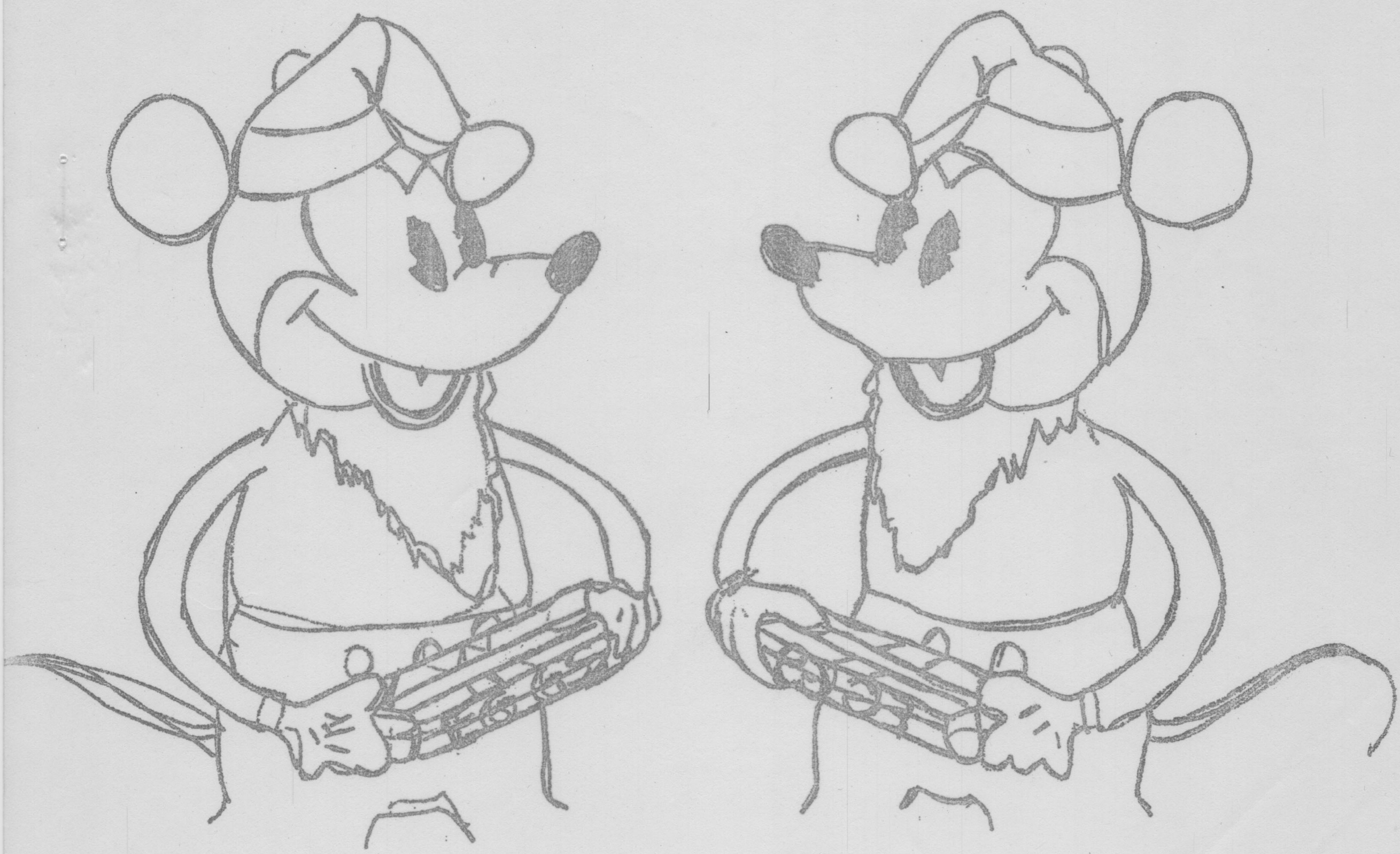
2 dozen mouse eggs 2 dozen mouse eggs 2 dozen mouse eggs



SPECIAL HOLIDAY ISSUE--CHRISTMASS 35#@ cents

Typos copyright of poet

ARCMTL scan 2017

RAYMOND FILIP

MICKEY MOUSE LAYS AN EGG, A CATAMITE CRACKS UP

It scares me to sight
writers still writing about writing:
the selfish act at decorating truth,
like counting hen's teeth.
It embarasses me to see
wisdom brooded on between wailing walls of words,
8½ by ¢¢, in 1976?
Posterity is that dead pink elephant buried in ego.

Cup opposite poles of an egg,
between your palms, or between knees, and squeeze.
The pressure to force impossible ends to meet,
politics and aesthetics,
life and art,
receives the same resistance within circumference of reality.
The revolution is not late,
only latent, in distracted minds, and beaten hearts.

ARCMTL scan 2017

KEN NORRIS

Lying on your
unicorn bed
The only one
of its kind.
The pillows have been
soft
The sheets
cool
Against my skin.

Yellow paper like
leaves
In autumn.
You provide me
With pad
& pen.
I use them.
I don't forget.

Before lying
down she said
"The last man I
slept with was
A woman."

The woman I'm in love with now
Likes to drink
apricot nectar.

She cleans the kitchen for hours
Taking it so seriously
Scrubbing cupboards & refrigerator racks
While I'm in bed with Mary,
Queen of Scots on the television.

ARCMTL scan 2017

KEN NORRIS

EXPERIMENT IN TERROR

An old movie I once saw:
The murderer gets shot & falls on the
Pitcher's mound at Candlestick Park
On a day Don Drysdale is pitching.
He dies/the game is over, someone spins
A globe of the world, I point a finger over
Africa, where everything is black.

I pause; an Angel descends with word of
The Annunciation. I tell him he is two
Thousand years late. He apologizes, says he
Got held up by a strong headwind that blew
Him back to Pluto/where in actuality heaven
Is/God's barren outpost/everyone stands
In the figure of a rose and sings but
It is so cold words are sometimes frozen
On the lips of the heavenly choir
And all singing stops till a comet passes by.

The Angel pulls a sandwich from a sack, starts
Eating it, and with a flap of wings takes off. I am
Alone again/the murderer is dead, blood on
The pitching rubber, resin bag lying just
Beneath his blue nose.

Night falls. The real experiment
Begins. Businessmen with valises
Start arriving at my door trying to sell me
Life insurance. I decline. They promise torture.
I decline again. They offer me four retreads
With each policy. Slamming a thousand doors
In their faces I walk to the bedroom window
Watch snow fall on this barren country.

Bored with that I turn on
The television. Tonight, there are no pictures,
Only blinding light. I watch till I can't
Watch anymore. As I get up and walk away
An old movie comes on
It's a horror movie with God in the role of
The vampire, Bela Lugosi as his innocent victim.
I remember him going to the grave with his cape on.
I go to the closet and take mine out of moth balls,
Put it on, then lie down on the rug and
Wait for something to happen.

ARCMTL scan 2017

KEN NORRIS

Leaves falling
in New York City.
It is becoming
Autumn.
I watch
a leaf fall.
It is
yellow.
It
spirals down
Turning
over and over
The stem
ntact and
Upturned.

Red Cabbage

"Red cabbage is so beautiful
When you cut it right in half.

Maybe you'll get more inspired
When I slice it for you."

ARCMTL scan 2017

KEN NORRIS

THESE PICTURES

There are these pictures I have of you
Standing in front of trees
Dressed in a bikini, holding
Your daughter's hand,
And the ones of you seated
Before the sea, the one
Of you in your beige sweater, that picture
Being the one I like most:
You are my college lover in that one.
And the next,
Your naked breasts hidden behind
Your long flowing hair.

Tonight, being drunk, I take out
These pictures
And lay them out on the bed before me.
I am in love with you again
And there are eight months between us.
I wish we were starting over again,
Without flaws, without differences.
I know you are gone;
The hope lingers:
I know it is false hope.
The soft music on the radio
And the voice in my head
Tell me all is lost.
It seems so right to recognize that
At 4 a.m.
After talking an elderly woman
In the bar where I was drinking
Into not committing suicide.
By morning she'll be dead
And you'll be waking up
In your new man's bed.

ARCMTL scan 2017

ARTIE GOLD

Patience ?
I might
have wiped
injustice
from the
world but
a pair
of assholes
names of
Tom &
Martin
came along
and quickly
went through
my store of 'em.

...

..&,/by special rikwest...

You have never seen a man fuck a chicken
til you've seen the current pope of Rome
fuck a chicken...

now there
is a man
who KNOWS WHAT CHICKEN-FUCKING'S/
all ABOUT)

one rainy Easter,
I happened to catch his act. There,
stood Giovanni,
beatific
in his robes,grasping
this chicken
by its gibblets; and boy -o- boy (did that frier
drop a feather or 2!
Giovanni fuckt it til it could no longer CLUCK..
til nothing CLICKT..
til gibblet gravey made
the pope's
glasses fog.
(and that chicken tried so hard to please the pope
that when it died it went to heaven AND STILL IT HAD ITS
wishbone intact..

so don't let anyone tell you
you can't take it with you,for when this chicken
SAW god --

It wasn't squinting from
NO BUCKET !!!

.....

ARCMTL scan 2017

Winter Allegory

Our carriage rolls onto the clearing
on a feather-blanket of snow we ride
huddled together side by side,
my left hand in hers.

Here,
in the luminous wilderness, among the remains
of a small cottage stands
a burning hearth.

We embrace.
The blanket is brown with floral design.
I can't get enough of her lips.
My Mars is in her Venus, all's well.

by TEE.K.

Je Serai Avec Toi Dans Deux Minutes

How is it different ?
Strawberries and the fragrance
of magnolias.

Pearl Bailey sings
Why don't you come home, Bill Bailey
Why don't you come home.

My muse missed me, I can tell.
I drop my pen
she prods me
she prods me still.

by TEE.K.

ARCMTL scan 2017

poem

long into the nite
they were still celebrating

the fireworks
had ended butthe music
cld still be heard as tho from across

a great distance
from the opposite shore

of a lake the shore
where the different coloured lights

were reflected quavering
on the water the air holding the notes

& distorting them
there cld be a revolution

tonite somewhere
there must be revolutions

someone must be putting bombs
beneath the seats

of the populous

they wld write
for a momentwe were awake

for a moment we were alive

the moon
was heavy with mist the mind was calm

and for a moment the threat
of violence - was gone

noting the sensation
of calmness how each thot

dissolved into a last thot of calmness

the music receeded onto the nite

there must have been people dancing
and forgetting who they were

the mind was calm
and moved closer to calmness
than it had been for a long time

there must be revolutions tonite

everything must be changing

ARCMTL scan 2017

s. morrissey

JAPANESE SCREENS

1)
the window
is a japanese screen

snow
clinging to the glass

2)
standing on one leg

black tree
in the snow storm

3)
sparrow caught
in the snow storm

cotton screen
against the window

4)
poplars creaking in the wind
bare branches
hitting against each other

sound of wood striking wood

5)
cleansing his ears
of wordly advice

the snow storm blows over

6)
one black tree

the world is a white
snowstorm

the insects' voices
have been silenced

7)
the clacking loom
bones clacking
poplar creaking in the wind

ARCMTL scan 2017

8)
bent over
one long branch
touching the snow

old man
walking against the wind

9)
beating against the face
like grains of sand

we head into the storm

10)
walking across
the snowy field

sound of the mind:
footsteps across the snow

11)
the tree is a hunting bow

it bends in the wind

a sparrow falls out of the sky

12)
there is no noise
in the trees

the wind blows
but inside the

wind
there is only silence

13)
lie down in the snow

two bodies
becoming the same thing

ARCMTL scan 2017

1. For a cloudy day:

   Open a window for two hours. Close it. You will have enclosed in the room .0003% of the clouds.

2. Find a glassed in public building. Design a sculpture that fills the whole inetrior.

3. Observe the shapes of a window. Change the shapes by opening the widdow.

4) Go to an abandoned, unused or unlandscaped area (eg.) railway tracks, undeveloped industrial lot). Find stones, leaves or sticks. Make a pile that is approximately two feet high and three and a half feet in diameter with one of these materials. Leave.

5) To be done outdoors in winter:

   Make a column of snow 5feet high and approximately 2 feet wide. Pack the snow well. Notice when the column has disappeared.

6. Project for an ocean:

   Go to the beach. Bring sandwiches. Make lines and patterns in the hard-packed sand at the edge of the water with a stick. Place the stick like a flag-pole in the design. Eat the sandwiches.

7. Plowed field project, Spring:

   Find a plowed field. Take a photograph or make a drawing of the patterns in the field.

ARCMTL scan 2017

8. Cut a piece of white paper into two inch squares. Place these squares on a bare floor. (Repeat with more paper if desired.)

9. Staple a piece of paper that has pencil marks on it to a tree near where you live. Notice this paper when you happen to walk by.

10. To be done while waiting for the bus:
After a snowfall, make a five foot square in the snow by pressing the snow with your feet. Do not make footprints in the middle of the square. Get on the bus.

11. Write some words on a piece of paper. Put this paper into a plastic bag. Seal the bag. With a shovel, dig a hole one foot deep in the ground. Place the plastic bag in the hole. Shovel the earth back into the hole.

Patricia Walsh.

ARCMTL scan 2017